Def. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife,
Oth. Come, ſweare it, dam thy ſelfe,
Leſt being like one of heauen, the deuills themſelues
Should feare to ceaſe thee, therefore be double dambd;
Sweare thou art honeſt.
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. O *Deſdemona*, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occaſion of thoſe teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe ſuſpect,
An inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue loſt him,
Why I haue loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kindes of ſores, and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome part of my ſoule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorne,
To point his ſlow vnmouing finger at—oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there, where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,
The fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dryes vp, to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a ceſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
Def. I hope my noble Lord eſteemes me honeſt.
Oth. O I, as ſummers flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou black weed, why art ſo louely faire?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet, that the ſence akes at thee,

Would thou hadſt ne're bin borne.
Def. Alas, what ignorant ſinne haue I commi
Oth. Was this faire paper, this moſt goodly
Made to write whore vpon?—What committe
Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner;
I ſhould make very forges of my cheekes,
That would to cinders burne vp modeſtie,
Did I but ſpeake thy deeds: what committed?
Heauen ſtops the noſe at it, and the Moone wink
The bawdy wind that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſht within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:—what committed,—impu
Def. By heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Chriſtian:
If to preſerue this veſſell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaued.
Oth. Iſt poſſible?
Def. O heauen forgiue vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy then,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*: You miſtriſſe,
That haue the office oppoſite to S. *Peter*,
And keepes the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;
We ha done our courſe; there's money for you
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counſell
Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman concei
How doe you Madam? how doe you my good l
Def. Faith halfe a ſleepe.
Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with m
Def. With who?
Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Em. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.
Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emilia*,